ODES

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

By JAMES SCOTT, M.A.
FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

———— Οδ' ολβιος, ον
Φαμαι κατεχον]' αγαθαι·
Αλλοτε δ' αλλον εποπτευει χαρις ζω-
θαλμιος. PIND.

CAMBRIDGE,
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M.DCC.LXI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

MARQUIS of *ROCKINGHAM.*

MY LORD,

EVERY ſpecies of Adulation carries with it ſomething ſo apparently abſurd, and ridiculous, that the abundance of it, to be met with in moſt Dedications, can be attributed to nothing but Vanity, and Self-love. The former of theſe ſpreads a kind cataract over the eyes of the Author, and the latter holds up a flattering mirrour to the Patron: ſo that the one can ſee no imperfections in his writings, nor the

other any in himſelf. Thus it happens that the deception becomes mutual, and that, which is preſented with confidence, is received with approbation.

Unluckily for me, your Lordſhip is an exception to this general reaſoning; and ſo far from aſſuming to yourſelf Virtues, which you have not, would even bluſh to have thoſe publiſhed to the world, you really have: as if they were of the ſame nature with the Roſicrucian lamps, which we are told would burn underground for ages together; but as ſoon as they were brought into the open air expired immediately. From this ſtrange ſingularity in your Lordſhip's temper, all the caſtles I have been building are vaniſh'd; the new, and elegant compliments, which I have invented with incredible pains, lie dead upon my hands; — and there they muſt continue, 'till I can find out a Perſon, which I deſpair of ever doing, who hath all your Lordſhip's good qualities, except your humility, and modeſty. 'Tis theſe, my Lord, which will not ſuffer me to expatiate here, to the extent of my wiſhes; but even hinder me from reaching out my hand, where the harveſt is ſo plentiful as to overcome the reaper.

Yet

Yet you will pardon me, my Lord, if in this frugality of your praiſes, I mention one part of your character, which cannot be too publicly known, or too generally admired; I mean that invariable Loyalty, and love for the preſent happy Eſtabliſhment, which appears in all your actions. To overlook, and take no notice of this, could not ſo properly be attributed to the ſeverity of truth, as of detraction: beſides it would be robbing the Public of the benefit, which ariſes from a good example; and that is a piece of injuſtice, which nothing can excuſe, or palliate. As to your Lordſhip's other Virtues, which are many and amiable, I ſhall leave you to the ſilent applauſe of your own conſcience. — And this of all others is the beſt, and moſt deſireable Panegyrick.

But how can I ſafely deſcend (I fear it is too Pindarie a tranſition) from this ſubject, to apologize for theſe idle labours, which I have the honour of preſenting to your Lordſhip? They were written at very different times, when the mind was very differently affected; — and to this is owing their chief merit, a freedom from that ſameneſs of thought and expreſſion, which is too often to be found in compoſitions

poſitions of this nature. This will plead my excuſe likewiſe, for any little levity, which the prying eyes of the moroſe, and mortify'd, may imagine they diſcover.——

Whatever may be the fate of theſe Pieces, I can never repent of the trouble they coſt me, ſince that is more than repay'd, by the honour I have of owning myſelf,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obliged,

and obedient Servant,

JAMES SCOTT.

ODES
ON
SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

To the MUSE.

I. 1.

YET once more, ſweeteſt Queen of Song,
Thy humble ſuppliant lead along,
Thro' Fancy's flow'ry plains:
Oh bear me to th' ideal grove,
Where hand in hand the Graces rove,
And ſooth me with ſeraphic ſtrains!
'Tis thine, harmonious Maid, to cull
Delicious balm to heal our cares;
'Tis thine to take the priſon'd ſoul,
And lap it in Elyſian airs;
While quick as thought at thy divine command
The realms of grace, and Harmony expand.

I. 2. And

I. 2.

And lo before my raviſht eyes
The viſionary ſcenes ariſe!
I hear the tender lute complain,
While Sappho breathes her am'rous pain;
(O guard me from ſuch fierce deſires,
Thou God of Raptures, God of Fires!)
I hear Anacreon's honey'd tongue
To Love and Wine repeat the ſong;
His flight ſublime the Theban Swan prepares,
And louder muſic wakes the wond'ring ſpheres.

I. 3.

But hark how ſweet the numbers ſwell,
While Homer waves his ſoul-enchanting wand!
Entranc'd the liſt'ning Paſſions ſtand,
Charm'd with the magic of his ſhell.
Whether to arms his trump reſounds,
The heart with martial ardour bounds;
Or ſprightly themes his hand employ,
Inſtant we catch the ſpreading joy;
Or when in notes majeſtic, deep, and ſlow,
He bids the ſolemn ſtreams of ſorrow flow,
Amaz'd we hear the ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain,
While tender anguiſh ſteals thro' ev'ry vein.

II. 1.

Father of verſe, whoſe Eagle-flight
Fatigues the gazer's aching ſight,
And ſtrains th' aſpiring mind;
Teach me thy wondrous heights to view,
With trembling wing thy ſteps purſue,
And leave the leſs'ning world behind.
Fond, fooliſh wiſh! — Can human eyes
The rapid arrow's track deſcry?
Can groſs Mortality ariſe,
And ſpring beyond the vaulted ſky?
Loſt is the momentary path, and bound
By cumbrous chains we creep along the ground!

II. 2.

Yet ſome there are with pow'r endow'd
To ſoar above the groveling croud;
By Thee, fair Fancy, raptrous maid,
By Thee, O ſweet Enthuſiaſt, led,
Sublime beyond the milky way
With ſtrong ſeraphic plumes they ſtray;
Or pierce within the ſacred ſhade,
Where Nature's plaſtic forms are laid;
Then ſtrike with daring hand the magic ſtrings,
And warm to life a new Creation ſprings.

II. 3.

Hail choſen Few, whoſe happier birth
The Muſe beheld, and bad your due feet climb
Fame's ſlipp'ry hill, and paths ſublime,
Untrod by vulgar ſons of earth!
When Virtue droops all ſick and pale,
In bleak Misfortune's deſart vale,
'Tis your's to ſteal away her care,
And ſoftly ſooth the penſive Fair:
'Tis your's to cull, from Fancy's fairy ſtores,
The brighteſt gems, and ſweeteſt-breathing flow'rs,
Then bind with Dædal art ſuch wreaths divine,
As bloom ſecure on Truth's immortal ſhrine.

III. 1.

Haſte then! — for ſoft Eteſian gales
Supply the * Pilot's welcome ſails,
And waft him o'er the main;
And gentle Show'rs, the Daughters fair
Of pregnant clouds, and balmy air,
Rejoice the faint, and thirſty plain:
Oh haſte, your ſweeteſt numbers ſhed,
Fraught with the genial dew of praiſe,

* Pind. Ολυμ. Ια.

On

On Glory's fav'rite Sons, who tread
Unweary'd Danger's thorny maze;
Who tear freſh laurels from War's ghaſtly brow,
Or ſteer the ſtedfaſt bark, tho' tides of Faction flow.

III. 2.

But, O ye Delegates of Jove,
Sent from the ſtarry realms above
To guard the clime, with Dragon-eyes,
Where all the Muſe's treaſures riſe,
Should Gothic Ignorance invade
With lawleſs foot the virgin ſhade,
And too incontinent preſume
Raſhly to pluck the golden Bloom;
Wide wave the flaming ſword, and ſend, O ſend
Your brighteſt ſhafts to quell the Stygian Fiend!

III. 3.

With holy dread, ye Guardians of her ſtore,
Fulfill your charge, not too profuſe of praiſe
Embalm, with her immortal Lays,
The carion-corps of Pride, or Pow'r!
Let Dulneſs her vain Favours ſhed
On ſmiling Folly's kindred head;
Or Vice, in tinſel trappings dreſt,
Promote the wretch who flatters beſt;

Diſdain the Crew! — And in ſome diſtant grove,
To Worth afflicted, friendleſs raiſe your voice;
So ſhall the Muſe your honeſt Songs approve,
And deathleſs Fame reward your uncorrupted Choice!

To

To FRIENDSHIP.

I.

COME, gentle Pow'r, from whom aroſe
Whate'er life's chequer'd ſcenes adorns;
From whom the living current flows
Whence Science fills her various urns:
Sacred to Thee, yon Marble dome,
O Goddeſs, rears it's awful head,
Fraught with the ſtores of Greece and Rome,
With gold, and glowing gems inlaid;
Where Art by thy command hath fixt her ſeat,
And ev'ry Muſe, and ev'ry Grace retreat.

II.

For erſt Mankind, a ſavage Race,
As lawleſs Robbers rang'd the woods,
And choſe, when weary'd with the chace,
'Midſt rocks, and caves, their dark abodes;
'Till Friendſhip, thy perſuaſive ſtrains,
Pow'rful as Orpheus' magic ſong,
Re-echo'd thro' the ſqualid plains
And drew the brutiſh herd along:
Loſt in ſurprize thy pleaſing voice they own'd,
Choſe ſofter arts, and poliſht at the ſound.

III. Then

III.

Then Pity firſt her ſacred flame
Within their frozen boſoms rais'd;
Tho' faint the ſpark, when Friendſhip came,
When Friendſhip wav'd her wing it blaz'd.
'Twas then firſt heav'd the ſocial ſigh,
The ſocial tear began to flow;
They felt a ſympathetic joy,
And learnt to melt at others' woe:
By juſt degrees Humanity refin'd,
And Virtue fixt her empire in the mind.

IV.

O Goddeſs, when thy form appears,
Revenge and Rage, and Faction ceaſe,
The ſoul no Fury-Paſſion tears,
But all is harmony, and peace.
Aghaſt the purple * Tyrant ſtood,
With awe beheld thy glowing charms,
Forgot the curſed thirſt of blood,
And long'd to graſp thee in his arms;
Felt in his breaſt unuſual ſoftneſs riſe,
And, deaf before, heard Pity's moving cries.

* Alluding to the Story of Damon, and Pythias.

V.

Is there a Wretch in Sorrow's ſhade,
Who waſtes in tears Life's ling'ring hours?
Is there, on whoſe devoted head
Her vengeful curſes Atë pours?
See to their aid fair Friendſhip flies,
Their ſorrows ſympathetic feels,
With lenient hand her balm applies,
And ev'ry grief indulgent heals:
The woe-fraught Fiends before her ſtalk away,
As Spectres ſhun the flaming eye of day.

VI.

Oh for a faithful, honeſt Friend,
To whom I ev'ry care could truſt,
Each weakneſs of my ſoul commend,
Nor fear him treach'rous, or unjuſt!
Drive Flatt'ry's Summer-train away.
Thoſe buſy, curious, flutt'ring things,
That inſect-like, in Fortune's ray,
Baſk, and expand their gaudy wings:
But ah when once the tranſient gleam is o'er,
Behold the change! — They die, and are no more.

Sent to Miſs B—— *with a Set of Colours.*

I.

GO, bleſſed Tints, to Delia go,
Her magic hand employ!
By Her arrang'd in beauteous ſhew,
Your Pow'rs, that now unnotic'd lie,
Shall ſpring to light, and charm the eye.

II.

Before Creation's infant day,
How rude was Nature's face!
In heaps the jarring Atoms lay,
Earth, Water, Fire one common place
Maintain'd — an undiſtinguiſht maſs:

III.

'Till at the Voice of god-like Love,
" Ariſe ye more than dead."
Th' enliven'd heap began to move,
The Sun uprear'd his golden head,
And Darkneſs, and Confuſion fled.

IV. Then

IV.

Then firſt the high-aſpiring Air
The pow'rful Word obey'd;
The vallies ſunk, and freſh, and fair
The ſtreams in winding channels ſtray'd,
And mountains ſtretcht their ſylvan Shade.

V.

Thus, Delia, ſprang this beauteous All,
The wonder of the eyes:
And thus, at thy creative call,
Shall mimic ſcenes of Nature riſe,
From theſe confus'd diſorder'd dyes.

VI.

Ev'n now the ſhadowy forms appear!
The waving groves aſpire,
The lawns their vivid garments wear,
And now approach, and now retire,
As blended Light, and Shade conſpire.

VII.

What lively groups of herds, and flocks,
The various landſcape fill?
Here ſhagged trees, and pendent rocks,
There ſwells the juſtly-ſloping hill,
And murmurs many a limpid rill.

VIII.

But lo her imitative hand
Fair Flora's realm invades!
The roſes bluſh, the vi'lets ſtand
Array'd in blue, that never fades,
And lovelier lilies lift their heads.

IX.

In vain the Winter's killing glooms
Deſpoil th' enamel'd ground;
For ſtill the little harebel blooms,
For ſtill the pancies all around,
Spring's gentle Progeny, abound.

X.

Proceed, O all-accompliſht Fair,
Bid nobler ſcenes ariſe!
O trace the bleſſed Virgin's Air,
Her folded hands, projected eyes,
" And looks commercing with the ſkies."

XI.

'Tis done! — What unexpreſſive Zeal
The holy portrait ſhews!
Such as enraptur'd Seraphs feel,
Or ſuch as TERRICK's boſom knows,
When Heav'n-inſpir'd the preacher glows.

XIII. De-

XII.

Delia, the Graces' darling Care,
Whate'er thy ſoul deſign'd,
Whate'er is beauteous, great, and fair,
Tranſplanted to thy draughts we find,
The lovely Image of thy lovelier mind! —

On SLEEP.

I.

WHY, gentle God, this long delay,
Since Night, and careleſs Quiet reigns?
Oh hither take thy ſilent way,
And ſooth, ah ſooth my wakeful pains!
So ſhall my hands for thee the wreath entwine,
And ſtrew freſh Poppies at thy votive ſhrine.

II.

When from the North all wan, and pale,
The ſun withdraws his chearful light,
And arm'd with whirlwind, froſt, and hail,
The big clouds bring the half year's night,
Quick to their caves the ſhiv'ring Natives tend,
And hear without the ratt'ling ſtorms deſcend.

III.

Then ſtretcht along the ſhaggy bed
To Thee, indulgent Pow'r, they cry;
Born on thy wings, with happier ſpeed,
The leaden-footed Moments fly;
While Fancy paints ſpring's viſionary ſtores,
And calls the diſtant Sun to wake the ſlumb'ring flow'rs.

IV. Nor

IV.

Nor yet is Sleep's ſupreme command
Confin'd to theſe cold dreary plains,
O'er ſultry Lybia's boiling ſand
This univerſal Monarch reigns;
And where with heat the ſable Indians glow,
While ſtreams of light thro' pureſt Æther flow.

V.

Weary and faint the duſky ſlaves
From cold Potoſi's mines retire,
From rugged rocks, and darkling caves,
When ſcarce the panting lungs reſpire:
To Citron ſhades they take their penſive way,
Where bath'd in od'rous winds their liſtleſs limbs they lay.

VI.

The Tyrant's voice, the galling chain,
Th' uplifted ſcourge no more they fear,
Deep ſlumbers drown the ſenſe of pain;
And floating thro' the peopled air
Ideal Forms in pleaſing order riſe,
And bright illuſions ſwim before their eyes.

VII.

Now Orellana's foaming tide
With pliant arms they ſeem to cleave;

And now the light canoe to guide
Acroſs Muenca's glaſſy wave;
Or chaſe in jocund troops the ſavage Prey,
Thro' woods impervious to the ſolar ray.

VIII.

Some gentle Youth, by Love betray'd,
Recalls the joys he felt of old,
When wand'ring with his ſable Maid
Thro' groves of vegetable gold,
He claſpt her yielding to his raptur'd breaſt,
And free from guile his honeſt ſoul expreſt.

IX.

Sleep on, much-injur'd hapleſs ſwain,
Nor wake thy cruel fate to moan,
To curſe th' inſatiate thirſt of gain,
And proud Iberia's * bloody ſon!
Old India's Genius wept o'er Millions ſlain,
And ſtreams of gore ran foaming to the main.

X.

But why to tragic ſcenes like theſe,
Wilt thou, my reſtleſs Fancy, rove?

* Hernando Cortez. See the Hiſtory of the Conqueſt of Mexico and Peru by the Spaniards.

Bear me to climes of downy eaſe,
To climes that Sleep, and Silence love:
Whether the ſhades of Lemnos moſt invite,
Or dark Cimmerian caves the ſtill abode of Night.

XI.

Fond Fables all! — The partial God
Is flown to Belgia's drowzy plains,
There waves his Lethe-ſprinkled rod,
And linkt with kindred Dulneſs reigns:
Midſt ſtagnant pools, the Bittern's ſafe retreat,
Beſet with oſiers dank behold his gloomy ſeat!

XII.

His dwelling is a ſtraw-built Shed,
Safe from the Sun's too curious eye,
A Yew-tree rears it's blighted head,
And Frogs and Rooks are croaking nigh:
Thro' many a chink the hollow murm'ring breeze
Sounds like the diſtant hum of ſwarming bees.

XIII.

And more to feed his Slumbers ſoft,
And lull him in his ſenſeleſs ſwoon,
The hard rain beats upon the loft,
And ſwiftly-trickling tumbles down:

All

All livelier, ruder ſounds are baniſht far,
The Lute's ſhrill voice, and brazen throat of War.

XIV.

Hence let me woo thee, God of eaſe,
Ah leave thy fav'rite Haunt awhile,
And bid the midnight hours to pleaſe,
And bid the midnight gloom to ſmile!
Oh come, and o'er my weary limbs diffuſe
The ſlumbrous weight of ſweet oblivious dews!

XV.

Bring too thy ſoft, enchanting Dreams,
Such as enamour'd Petrarch knew,
When ſtretcht by Sorgia's gentle ſtreams
Fair Laura's form his Fancy drew:
Oh ſee he woos the Soul-diſſolving Maid,
And graſps with eager arms the viſionary ſhade.

XVI.

At Morn he ſung the tender tale,
He ſung his Laura's matchleſs charms,
And ev'ry tree, in Clauſa's vale,
Attentive breath'd Love's ſoft Alarms;
Ev'n hoary Monks full many a careleſs Bead
Have dropt, and left their Aves half unſaid.

On SCULPTURE.

LED by thee Muſe, my ſtep pervades
The ſacred haunts, the peaceful ſhades,
Where Art, and Sculpture reign:
I ſee, I ſee, at their command
The living ſtones in order ſtand,
And marble breathe thro' ev'ry vein.
Time breaks his hoſtile ſcythe; he ſighs
To find his pow'r malignant fled,
"And what avails my dart," he cries,
"Since theſe can animate the dead?
"Since wak'd to mimic life again in ſtone
"The Patriot ſeems to ſpeak, the Heroe frown?"

There Virtue's ſilent train are ſeen,
Faſt fixt their looks, erect their mien.
Lo while with more than Stoic ſoul
The * Attic ſage exhauſts the bowl,
A pale ſuffuſion ſhades his eyes,
'Till by degrees the marble dies!

* Socrates, who was condemned to die by Poiſon.

See there the injur'd * poet bleed,
Ah ſee he droops his languid head!
What ſtarting nerves, what dying pain,
What horrour freezes ev'ry vein!
Theſe are thy works, O Sculpture, thine to ſhew
In rugged Rock a feeling ſenſe of Woe. —

Yet not alone ſuch themes demand
The Phidian ſtroke, the Dædal hand;
I ſee, with melting eyes,
A ſofter ſcene of grief diſplay'd,
While from her breaſt the duteous Maid
Her Infant Sire with food ſupplies.
In pitying ſtone ſhe weeps to ſee
His ſqualid hair, and galling chains,
And trembling on her bended knee,
His hoary head her hand ſuſtains;
While ev'ry look and ſorrowing feature prove
How ſoft her breaſt, how great her filial love.

Lo there the wild Aſſyrian Queen
With threat'ning brow, and frantic mien!

* Seneca, who, according to Pliny, was Orator, Poet, and Philoſopher.

Revenge,

Revenge, revenge, the Marble cries,
While fury ſparkles in her eyes.
* Thus was her awful form beheld,
When Babylon's proud ſons rebell'd,
She left the woman's vainer care,
And flew with looſe diſhevel'd hair;
She coucht her lance, imbru'd in blood,
While pale Sedition trembling ſtood;
In ſudden ſilence the mad croud obey'd
Her awful voice, and Stygian Diſcord fled.

With hope, or fear, or love, by turns
The Marble leaps, or ſhrinks, or burns,
As Sculpture waves her hand;
The varying Paſſions of the mind
Her faithful handmaids are aſſign'd,
And riſe or fall at her command.

* Semiramis, cum ei circa Cultum Capitis ſui occupatæ nunciatum eſſet Babylonem defeciſſe; alterâ Parte Crinium adhuc ſoluta, protinus ad eam expugnandam cucurrit; nec prius Decorem Capillorem in Ordinem, quam tantam urbem in Poteſtatem ſuam redegit. Quo circa Statua ejus Babylone poſita eſt illo Habitu, quo &c. VAL. MAX. de Irâ.

When now life's waſted lamps expire,
When ſinks to duſt this mortal frame,
She like Prometheus graſps the fire,
Her touch revives the lambent flame;
While Phœnix-like the ſtateſman, bard, or ſage;
Spring freſh to life, and breathe thro' ev'ry age.

Hence — where the Organ, full and clear,
With loud Hoſanna's charms the ear,
Behold (a priſm within his hands)
Abſorb'd in Thought great *Newton ſtands!
Such was his Brow, and Look ſerene,
His ſerious Gate, and muſing Mien,
When taught on Eagle-wings to fly,
He trac'd the wonders of the Sky;
The chambers of the ſun explor'd,
Where tints of thouſand hues are ſtor'd;
Whence ev'ry flow'r in painted robes is dreſt,
And varying Iris ſteals her gaudy veſt.

* A very elegant, and high-finiſh'd Statue of Sir Iſaac Newton. It was executed by Roubiliac, and erected in Trinity College Chapel in Cambridge, at the Expence of Dr. Smith.

Here

Here as Devotion, heav'nly Queen,
Conducts her beſt, her fav'rite train,
At NEWTON's ſhrine they bow;
And while with raptur'd eyes they gaze,
With Virtue's pureſt veſtal rays,
Behold their ardent boſoms glow.
Hail mighty Mind! hail awful Name!
I feel inſpir'd my lab'ring breaſt;
And lo I pant, I burn for fame!
Come Science, bright æthereal gueſt,
Oh come, and lead thy meaneſt, humbleſt ſon,
Thro' wiſdom's arduous paths to fair renown!

Could I to one faint ray aſpire
One ſpark of that celeſtial fire,
The leading Cynoſure, that glow'd
While SMITH explor'd the dark abode,
Where Wiſdom ſat on Nature's ſhrine,
How great my boaſt! what praiſe were mine!
Illuſtrious ſage, who firſt could'ſt tell
Wherein the pow'rs of Muſic dwell,
And all the magic Chains untye,
That bind the ſoul of Harmony!

To Thee, when mould'ring in the duſt,
To Thee ſhall ſwell the breathing buſt,
Shall here (for this reward thy merits claim)
" Stand next in place to NEWTON as in fame!"

On

On PLEASURE.

I. 1.

HENCE from my ſight, unfeeling ſage,
Hence, to thy lonely hermitage! —
There far removed from joy, and pain,
Supinely ſlumber life away;
Act o'er dull yeſterday again,
And be thy morrow like to day.
*Reſt to thy bones! — While to the gale
Happier I ſpread my feſtive wing,
And like the wand'ring Bee exhale
Freſh odours from life's honey'd ſpring;
From bloom to bloom in pleaſing Rapture ſtray,
Where Mirth invites, and Pleaſure points the way.

I. 2.

Hail heav'n-born Virgin fair, and free,
Of language mild, of aſpect gay,
Whoſe voice the ſullen family
Of Care, and Diſcontent obey!

*——— ε τιθημ' εγω
Ζην τελον, αλλ' εμφυχον ηγεμαι νεκρον. SOPH.

By

By Thee inſpir'd the ſimpleſt ſcenes,
The ruſſet cots, the lowly glens,
Mountains, on whoſe craggy brow
Nature's lawleſs tenants feed,
Buſhy dells, and ſtreams, that flow
Thro' the vi'let-purpled mead,
Delight; thy breath exalts the rich perfumes,
That brooding o'er embalm the bean-flow'r field,
Beyond Sabean ſweets, and all the gums
The ſpicy deſarts of Arabia yield.

I. 3.

When the Attic bird complains
From the ſtill, attentive grove,
Or the Linnet breathes his ſtrains,
Taught by nature, and by love;
Do thou approve the dulcet airs,
And Harmony's ſoft, ſilken chain,
In willing bondage leads our cares,
And binds the Giant-ſenſe of pain:
Untun'd by Thee, how coarſe the long-drawn note,
Spun from the lab'ring Eunuch's tortur'd throat!
Harſh are the ſounds, tho' FARINELLI ſings,
Harſh are the ſounds, tho' HANDEL wakes the ſtrings:

Un-

Untouch'd by Thee, ſee ſenſeleſs FLORIO ſits,
And ſtares, and gapes, and nods, and yawns by Fits.

II. 1.

Oh Pleaſure come! — and far, far hence
Expel that nun, Indifference! —
Where'er ſhe waves her Ebon wand,
Drencht in the dull Lethæan deep,
Behold the marble Paſſions ſtand
Abſorb'd in everlaſting ſleep!
Then from the waſte, and barren mind
The Muſe's Fairy-phantoms fly,
They fly, nor leave a Wreck behind
Of heav'n-deſcended Poeſy:
Love's thrilling tumults then are felt no more,
Quencht is the gen'rous heat, the rapt'rous throbs are o'er!

II. 2.

'Twas thou, O Nymph, that led'ſt along
The fair Dione's wanton choir,
While to thy blitheſt, ſofteſt ſong,
Ten thouſand Cupids ſtrung the lyre:
— Aloft in air the Cherubs play'd
What time, in Cypria's myrtle-ſhade,
Young Adonis ſlumb'ring lay
On a bed of bluſhing flow'rs,

Call'd to life by early May,
And the roſy-boſom'd Hours:
The Queen of love beheld her darling boy,
In am'rous mood ſhe neſtled to his ſide,
And thus, to melt his frozen breaſt to joy,
Her wanton art ſhe gayly-ſmiling try'd.

II. 3.

From the muſk-roſe, wet with dew,
And the lily's op'ning bell,
From freſh eglantine ſhe drew
Sweets of aromatic ſmell:
Part of that honey next ſhe took,
Which * Cupid too advent'rous ſtole,
When ſtung his throbbing hand he ſhook,
And felt the anguiſh to his ſoul:
His Mother laught to hear the Elf complain,
Yet ſtill ſhe pity'd, and reliev'd his pain;
She dreſt the wound with balm of ſov'reign might,
And bath'd him in the well of dear delight:
Ah who would fear, to be ſo bath'd in bliſs,
More agonizing ſmart, and deeper wounds than this? —

* Theocr. Ειδυλ. Ιθ.

III. 1.

III. 1.

Her magic Zone ſhe next unbound,
And wav'd it in the air around:
Then cull'd from ever-frolic ſmiles,
That live in Beauty's dimpled cheek,
Such ſweetneſs as the heart beguiles,
And turns the mighty ſtrong to weak:
To theſe ambroſial dew ſhe join'd,
And o'er the flame of warm deſire,
Fan'd by ſoft ſighs, love's gentleſt wind,
Diſſolv'd, and made the Charm entire;
O'er her moiſt lips, that bluſh'd with heav'nly red,
The Graces' friendly hand the bleſt ingredients ſpread.

III. 2.

Adonis wak'd — he ſaw the Fair,
And felt unuſual tumults riſe;
His boſom heav'd with am'rous care,
And humid languor veil'd his eyes!
Driv'n by ſome ſtrong impulſive pow'r
He ſought the moſt ſequeſter'd bow'r,
Where diffus'd on Venus' breaſt,
Firſt he felt extatic bliſs,
Firſt her balmy lips he preſt,
And devour'd the new-made Kiss:

But, O my Muſe, thy tatt'ling tongue reſtrain,
Her ſacred rites what mortal dares to tell?
She crowns the ſilent, leads the blabbing ſwain
To doubts, deſires, and fears, the fev'riſh lover's hell.

III. 3.

Change then, ſweeteſt Nymph of Nine,
Change the ſong, and fraught with pleaſures
String anew thy ſilver twine,
To the ſofteſt, Lydian meaſures!
My Cynthia calls, whoſe natal hour
Th' aſſiſtant Graces ſaw, and ſmil'd;
Then deign'd this Cyprian Charm to pour
With laviſh bounty o'er the Child:
Sithence where'er the Siren moves along,
In pleaſing wonder chain'd is ev'ry tongue,
Love's ſoft ſuffuſion dims the aching eyes,
Love's ſubtleſt flame thro' ev'ry art'ry flies:
Our trembling limbs th' unequal pulſe betray,
We gaze in tranſport loſt — then faint, and die away.

On DESPAIR.

SAVE me! — what means yon griſly ſhade,
Her ſtony eye-balls ſtaring wide;
In foul, and tatter'd patches clad,
With dirt, and gore, and venom dy'd?
A burning brand ſhe whirls around,
And ſtamps, and raves, and tears the ground,
And madly rends her clotted hair;
While thro' her cank'red breaſt are ſeen
Myriads of ſerpents bred within,
The curſed ſpawn of ſelf-conſuming Care! —

'Twas thus, * O poor enamour'd Maid,
The Stygian fiend approach'd the ſea-girt tow'r,
What time, in ſad misfortune's evil hour,
The faithleſs Lamp, Love's Cynoſure decay'd.
" And why," the ghaſtly Phantom cries,
" Wilt thou, deluded Hero, wait
" Leander's wiſh'd return, forbid by fate?
" See floating on his wat'ry bier he lies;

* Vide Muſæum κατ' Ἡρω και Λεανδρον.

" Pale

" Pale are his cheeks, where Love was wont to play,
" And clos'd thoſe radiant eyes, that late out-ſhone the day."

The woe-foreboding voice ſhe heard,
And wiſhing, trembling pray'd for morn—
When lo the bleeding corſe appear'd
By ſavage rocks all rudely torn!
Where were ye, Nymphs, O tell me where,
Daughters of Nereus freſh, and fair?
And why, ſweet ſilver-footed Queen,
Would'ſt thou not leave thy coral cave,
And ſooth the rough remorſeleſs wave,
Ere Death had ſeiz'd thy beſt, thy boldeſt ſwain?—

With haggard eyes, all-ſtreaming blood,
Diſtracted Hero ſaw her Lover ſlain,
And thrice indignant view'd the guilty main,
And thrice accus'd each merc'leſs watry God.
Aye me in vain!—For " ſee, ſhe cry'd,
" My dear Leander's beck'ning ſhade!
" And can'ſt thou live, O loſt, O wretched Maid?
" Shall envious Fate ſo fond a pair divide?

" Forbid

"Forbid it Love!" — Then head-long from the tow'r
Deep in the ruthleſs flood ſhe plung'd to riſe no more!

With ſcenes of woe, O curſed Pow'r,
How are thy greedy eyes regal'd?
How did thy heart exult of yore,
When Heav'n's vindictive rod aſſail'd
* The Queen of arts? — With Giant-ſtride
Contagion ſtalks, and lo the bride,
The Virgin-bride unpity'd dies!
Claſpt to his daughter's throbbing breaſt,
The father breathes his ſoul to reſt,
And ſorrowing ſons compoſe the widow'd mother's eyes!

Scar'd by the Dæmon's ſpotted hand,
The Eagle ſcream'd, the famiſht Vulture fled,
The hungry Wolf forſook th' unburied dead,
And pale Diſeaſes ſhiv'ring left the land!

* See the account, which is given by Thucydides, of the Plague at Athens. Amongſt many other extraordinary circumſtances are the following, το μεν γαρ ετος εκ παντων μαλιςα δη εκεινο ανοσον ες τας αλλας ασθενειας ετυγχανεν ον· ει δε τις και προσκαμνε τι, ες τουτο παντα απεκριθη. —— Τα γαρ ορνεα, και τετραποδα, οσα ανθρωπων απτεται, πολλων αταφων γιγνομενων, η ου προσηει, η γευσαμενα διεφθειρετο.

What

What cries, and piercing ſhrieks reſound
Thro' ev'ry ſtreet, at ev'ry fane?
Yet ah! they weep, they weary heav'n in vain!
Death and Diſtraction ſtare on all around!
The wretched few, whom pois'nous Peſt'lence ſpares,
Of moody madneſs die, and heart-diſtracting fears.

Theſe are thy deeds, O fell Deſpair,
Thou tyrant of the tortur'd ſoul,
*Siſter of pale-ey'd Grief, and Care,
At whoſe command impetuous roll
Paſſion's rough tides, and ſwelling high
Burſt thro' each dear, and ſacred tye,
And ev'ry pleaſing thought o'erwhelm;
Anon the crazy bark is born,
Of winds, and waves, and rocks the ſcorn,
For Reaſon ſhrinks appall'd, and trembling quits the helm!

O fly, thou firſt-born Child of Hell,
To ſome far diſtant, dreary, doleful plain,
Where ſtarting Fear, and agonizing Pain,
And black Remorſe, and ſullen Sorrows dwell:

* According to the Table of Cebes, Αθυμια is the Siſter of Οδυρμος.

Where

Where arm'd with poiſon, racks, and death,
Stern Horrour rears his Gorgon head;
And writhing dreadful on their Iron-bed
The purple Furies grind their cank'red teeth;
While percht on ſtubs of trees the ſhriek-owl ſings,
And ſcreaming deadly hoarſe night-ravens flap their wings!

Thither emboſt with vary'd woe,
Misfortune's pallid ſlave retires —
Hark, hark he raves! — Thy tablet ſhew,
Charg'd with damn'd ghoſts, and ſulph'rous fires.
Oh Mercy Heav'n! — Upſtaring ſtands
His griſly hair; his nerveleſs hands
Shake; o'er his face the curdled blood,
From his ſwoln heart, with tidings flies,
"*Give me another Horſe*," he cries,
"Oh bring the poiſon'd bowl, let looſe life's crimſon flood!"

Sad, ſacred Wretch! — Thou Pow'r divine,
Whoſe god-like word from Chaos dark and dread,
Bad Diſcord fly, and Light ſweet-ſmiling ſpread
Her orient wing, controul this breaſt of mine!
And ſtill when gloomy thoughts prevail,
Oh ſhort, and partial be their ſway!

And beam'd from thee, let pleaſure's gladſome ray
The mournful progeny of grief diſpel.
So ſhall the chequer'd ſcenes of life delight,
As morning brighter peers preceded ſtill by Night.

To

To WISDOM.

HENCE vain, deluding Joys,
And Inſpirations lighter than the wind!
How little can we find
Solid content in fleeting, fancy'd toys?
Hence ev'ry idle dream
Of laureat Phœbus, and th'Aonian Maids,
And Theſpia's breathing ſhades,
And virgin Helicon forever green,
At whoſe fair foot is ſeen
Soft-trickling Aganippe's limpid ſtream!

But come thou Goddeſs ſage, and mild,
Jove's firſt begotten darling child!
O Wiſdom come, and bring with thee
Rich volumes of antiquity,
In whoſe ample page appears
The learning of two thouſand years,
The truths which old Aſcræus ſung,
And eloquence of Plato's Tongue.

Him Wiſdom claim'd (the child was preſt
Cloſe to his trembling Mother's breaſt)
Firſt when the Bees prophetic flew,
And on his lips dropt honey'd dew:
Sithence in hoar Lycæum's ſhade,
Where oft her muſing Son was laid,
She deign'd to viſit, and impart
Heav'nly raptures to his heart.
With Her, to mortal ſight reveal'd,
The holy Sage high converſe held,
And found the dark, myſterious Road,
Thro' Nature's path, to Nature's God.

Hence then be Folly's idle train,
Loud, impertinent, and vain:
Mirth that Thought, and Care derides,
And "Laughter holding both his ſides;"
And jeering Wit, the time beguiling,
And Ignorance forever ſmiling;
And Affectation ſpruce, and trim,
Settling each feature, and each limb;
With Vanity perfum'd, and gay,
Prancing lightly on her way;

Hence

Hence to the baſe ignoble croud,
The mad, the wealthy, and the proud!
And thou, my Cynthia, fair and young,
Whom oft the willing Muſe hath ſung,
Expect no more my breaſt to warm
With beauty's brighteſt, fierceſt charm,
Nor ye, my Thoughts, too wanton rove,
Adieu to Poëſy, and Love!
Adieu the gay, the flow'ry plains,
Where Harmony, ſweet minſtrel, reigns;
Adieu the viſionary ſeat,
Where Fancy's fairy-train retreat;
The Druids' cells, the Naiads' caves,
Which ivy binds, or ocean laves;
The pleaſing vein, the penſive folly,
And thou, divineſt Melancholy! —

Come Truth's fair Guide, and Virtue's Friend,
Oh come, my ſtudious walks attend!
With Thee, when o'er yon mountain gray
Jocund ſprings the early Day;
With Thee, when hot Meridian beams
Thro' Æther flow in ſultry ſtreams;

And when the Moon-light ſleeps around,
While Silence chains each ruder ſound;
Permit me, heav'nly Maid, to rove
The dewy lawn, or pathleſs grove,
Where oaks and poplars join their aid,
To form an hoſpitable ſhade.
There rapt in holy thought be mine
To meditate on works divine;
Whether thy eaſy flowing page,
O TILLOTSON, my thoughts engage,
Where Elegance with Learning join'd
Convince, and captivate the mind;
Or, SHERLOCK, charm'd I find in thee
Death ſwallow'd up in Victory!
Then, O ſweet Virgin, to my heart
The ſacred heav'n-fraught truths impart;
While in my ſelf-collected ſoul
Enthuſiaſtic raptures roll!
Teach me to pierce, with reaſon's eye,
That vaſt profound, Eternity,
And graſp, in comprehenſive thought,
The mighty chain from God to Nought.

Come

Come too, thou pure, immortal Spirit,
That did'ſt unbounded ſpace inherit,
Ere God beheld the ſhapeleſs Void,
His golden compaſſes employ'd,
And mark'd the new-created Earth,
While Infant Nature ſprung to birth.
The Work eternal Wiſdom ſaw,
And gave the trembling Ocean law;
Unfurl'd the bright ætherial ſky,
Heav'n's ſtar-beſprinkled canopy,
The azure vault, the bleſt abode
Of Saints, of Angels, and of God.
Come, Eſſence uncreate, inſpire
My glowing breaſt with holy fire,
Such as enraptur'd Seraphs own,
When near the blazing, ſapphire Throne,
In living Glory clad, they ſing
Their Hymns to Heav'n's eternal King.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Laſt Stanza of the Firſt Ode, the Second Line, for not *read* nor.
In the Note, page 27. *line* 3. *for* Capillorem *read* Capillorum.

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